

he just
rode his tricycle
back and forth
in front of it
all day.
He never thought
of his real parents
who kept to their bedrooms
upstairs, mostly --
he just
rode his tricycle
back and forth
all day
with the venetian blinds up
and the sun cutting through
the eucalyptus leaves
across the street.

-- Albert Stainton

San Francisco CA

PANTIES

In September you discover them
among the rubble of beer cans
beneath the front seat of the Ford.

What can you do with old panties?
You put them in the desk's middle drawer
with the check registers and the staples.

Your wife discovers them while reconciling accounts.
You wave them like a white flag
and use them for Kleenex.

Years later you find them
among the tatters of the rag bag.

You douse them with lemon oil
and polish the secretary
grinning like a snapshot from the 50's
at a small-town rummage sale.

-- Ed Ochester

Shelocta PA